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A
Mock Epithalamium,

ON THE

Fictitious Marriage

OF THE

Pretender, &c.

For the

Block-Printing

ON THE

Fiducious Marriage

OF THE

Heavenly

N. James Stuart
A

Mock Epithalamium
UPON THE
Fictitious Marriage
OF THE
PRETENDER,
WITH THE
Princess Sobieskie,
Now Cloyster'd up at ISNPRUCK.

Inscribed to the *Tory WITS* and *POETS*
throughout *GREAT-BRITAIN*.

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici ?
Credite Pisones, isti Tabula fore Librum
Persimilem, cujus uelut agri somnia, vana
Fingentur species : ———*

Hor. de Arte Poet.

L O N D O N,

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Mock Epithalamion
UPON THE
Fictionous Marriage
OF THE
PRETENDER.

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throughout GREAT BRITAIN.

11





Mock Epithalamium, &c.

I.



Right * Sons of Bacchus, and Apollo,
Why don't you hang out Nuptial
(Garlands,
What, are you chagreen'd by the
(† Willow,

From the disdaining Dame of Courland?

* *Torn Poets, inflam'd with Wine, and Raptures of the Muses.*

† *An old British Custom, for presenting Willow Garlands to a discarded Lover, on the Marriage of his Mistress.*

Sure one might think, in such a *Crisis*,
 And turn of Fortune for your *King*,
Poets shou'd rise, like *Reeds* from * *Issi*,
 And dump, as † *Botely-Bitterns*, sing.

II.

What, can't Nine Hundred Thousand *Florins*
 Display you || *Jove's* bright golden Show'r ?
 Nor furnish you, with all the Shearings
 Of *Jason's Fleece*, t'increase your Store :
 For such a Sum, can you give less
 In Dow'r, than all *Northumberland* ?
 Where you may Hunt in *Chivey-Chase*,
 On your bright *Fairy Queen's* own Land.

III.

Methinks, as when the ** *Doge* of *Venice*
 Espouses *Tbetis*, with a Ring,
 Blew *Tritons* gather round from *Tunis*,
 To see th' *Imaginary Thing* ;

* Oxford. † *Marshy Meadows* near Oxford.

|| Refers to the extravagant Computations of the *Lady's Fortune*, magnify'd by the *Tories*, and so compar'd to *Jupiter's Golden Shower*, and the *Golden Fleece*.

** An old superstitious Custom for the *Dogue* of *Venice*, to marry the *Sea Pearly*, on *Ascension-Day*.

Shou'd you not, *Jacks*, your * Lord when Marry'd
 (As *Jove* was Wedded once to *Juno*)
 On *Pegasus* be volant carry'd,
 T' exalt the Nuptials at † *Urbino* ?

IV.

Greek Poets sing, how ‖ *Memnon's* Stone
 Exerted sweet, harmonious Sounds,
 When animated by the Sun,
 The repercussive Ray rebounds;
 Will you, than *Marble*, be more stupid;
 That ** *Mars* can't rouse you with his Arm;
 Nor ev'n †† *Venus*, joyn'd with *Cupid*,
 Inspire you with Ten Thousand Charm ?

V.

Bright ‖ ‖ *Athens*, once the Muse's Seat !
 Where are the Sons of high *Parnassus* ?

* *The Chevalier's Marriage as fictitious, and ridiculous*
 to believe that he has more a Wife of the Princess *Sobieskie*,
 than the *Doge* has of the Sea.

† *The Pretender's Court.*

‖ *A Statue of black Marble, set up in the Temple of*
Serapis, feign'd, by the Antients, to make a fine Har-
mony of Musick, whenever his Mother Aurora approach'd
him.

** *An ironical Name for the Chevalier.*

†† *A Ridicule for the Princess Sobieskie.* ‖ *Oxford.*

Who

Who spreading Fictions when they write,
 Can stride across the fam'd *Colossus*;
 What are they fled from *Helicon*,
 And gone into another Clime?
 Or, are they drown'd in *Acheron*,
 That now thy Poets cease to Rhyme?

VI.

Oh strange! what dismal Times now hinder?
 What Fears of Danger now embarras?
 That not a *Bard* can soar, like *Finlar*,
 Nor write in flowing Verse, like *Horace*;
 Why don't your * *Planets* shine with Glory,
 Your † *Stars* put on their best Array?
 D'ye think the *Whiggs* will do it for ye,
 To Write, when now it is your Day?

VII.

Sure had your Poets any Spirit,
 (And 'tis allow'd to Poets, Painters,
 From Fictions, to derive their Merit)
 Why don't you match a || *Hinde*, and *Pantber*?

* A Metaphor for the Boast of the Tories, on this
 supposed Match.

† To be taken in the like Sense.

|| Supposes the greatest Improbability.

Or joyn an * *Ostridge*, with a *Dove* ?
 So as to couple them in *Wedlock* ;
 This may be done by *Force of Love* ,
 Or, sure, by an *Italian Padlock* .

VIII.

To hear so many *Tales* run over,
 About your *Polish* royal *Virgin* ,
 Like *Gypsie*, turn'd a wand'ring *Rover* ,
 By *Passion*, for a *Husband* urging :
 Why don't you, in a † *Ray'd Sedan* ,
 Convey her from the *northern Pole* ?
 Or ruckle her in *Charles's Wain* ,
 Above the *Mountains of Tyrol* .

IX.

Well, one may *Wonder*, after all,
 Not like a *Goddeſs* ſhe ſhou'd travel ;
 How came the *Nun* diſguiſ'd in *Veil* ?
 Will not this raiſe in *Whiggs* ſome *Cavil* ?
 Sure, they may laugh, and can't but doubt her ;
 Thus metamorphos'd, to be carry'd ,

* *The like Entendre, or Meaning.*

† *An airy Fiction.*

|| *A Conſtellation in the Heavens, alluding to a Caravan, or Waggon, for fictitious Carriage in the Sky.*

How can She have Nun's Flesh about her,
Who flies, so hasty, to be Marry'd?

X.

Too oft the * *Sacerdotal Vests*,
Are us'd as Masquerades for Vices;
Concealing hot, lascivious *Priests*,
And *Nuns* too, under such Disguises:
This gives an Air of pious Zeal,
To those that see not all their *Crankums*,
What *Incest Fryars* act in Cells,
With *Nuns* they first *Absolve*, then *Saint* 'em.

XI.

Yet *Mattins*, *Vespers*, they attend,
With Tapers lighted round the *Quire*,
Where *Love* Intrigues are close assign'd,
From Flames, which their Devotion fire:
Then through the gloomy *Cloysters*, Ogling,
Each *Fryar* singling out his *Nun*,
Behind the Columns falls to Smuggling,
In Darkness, vaulted from the San.

* This means only Popish Vestments.

Sly * *Mercury*, imploy'd to watch her,
 No doubt, a Ha—* *Spy*,
 Lying perdue, was like to catch her,
 But † *Iris* lucky slipt her by;
 Hence can't you fancy her a *Juno*,
 From || *Ixion*, vanish'd, in a Cloud,
 Convey'd, by ** *Peacocks*, to *Urbino*?
 Won't such a *Scene* deserve an *Ode*?

XIII.

It is no matter, how the Nun
 Was shav'd by Mother *Abbess* bare;

* *The Post of Heaven, and Messenger of the Gods,*
 imploy'd sometimes as their *Spy*.

† *A Fiction of a Rain-Bow's interposing, for concealing the Lady's Flight.*

|| *A Fable of the Poets, that Jupiter sham'd Ixion in Love with Juno, by forming a bright Cloud, or Phantom, in her Likeness.*

** *Juno's Chariot, feign'd by the Poets, to be drawn by Peacocks, as she affected the Beauty of their gaudy Plumes.* N. B. All this alludes in *Ridicule*, to the *Pretender's* being balkt of the *Lady*.

A * *British* Bard can shade her Crown,
 With a fresh Lock of Maiden Hair;
 Rather than she shou'd Tresses want,
 To curl above so fine a Shape,
 Believe me, in poetick Rant,
 He'll get it, nay, by Force of Rape.

XIV.

Poets, † for compassing their Will,
 Prove often arch, and waggish Thieves,
 As they claim Privilege to Steal,
 And run no Hazard of their Lives:
 From || *Cupid*, they have learn'd those Tricks,
 And ** *Bacchus* putting them on Rackets,
 They value not in such wild Freaks,
 To rifle †† *Venus* of her Pac—t.

* Alludes to a modern Poet, who writ The Rape of the Lock.

† Ridicules for Plagiaries in Verse.

|| Violent Passions of Love.

** Elevated Humours, or drunken Frolics.

†† Metaphorically, for any celebrated Beauty.

XV. We've

XV.

We've heard the Mother plaid her Part,
 And past thro * *Meftra's* various Forms,
 To out-wit † *Mercury* in her Art,
 By *Ceres* taught to practise Charms :
 Instead of *Nectar*, for escaping,
 She palm'd upon him, || *Poppey-Water*,
 So sily left the *Urcbin* napping,
 And crost th' Horizon with her Daughter.

XVI.

Secure from Danger, with Dispatch,
 Both past on, rapid, to'ards the *Hero*,
Love and *Ambition* fir'd the Match,
 In both to joyn the *Cavalliero* ;
 But he, so sluggish, shew'd his Mettle,
 That he scarce stir'd a Mile from *Rome*,
 To meet his *Bride*, as going to Battle,
 He rather wou'd have staid at home.

* *A Woman feign'd by the Poets, to have Power from Neptune, of changing herself into any Form.*

† *Alludes to the Imperial Spy.*

|| *Means a soporiferous, or sleepy Potion.*

XVII.

Was that done like a Man of Honour,
 To treat his royal Mistress so ?
 Shou'd he not, sure, have waited on her,
 At least, some Miles beyond the Po :
 But, after all, to send old Mar,
 Upon a Complement, or Message,
 Was the same thing, as sending her
 A Present of * *Bolognea Sausage*.

XVIII.

Enough of that, thou know'st Friend Po,
 ('Tis no hard matter to be done)
 That a stern Warriour may turn Fryar,
 To qualify him for a Nun :
 Who doubts the Lady's Inclination,
 For carrying on a *Love-Intrigue*,
 Who pilgrimag'd with Love's hot Passion,
 So many Hundred Polish Leagues ?

* A City of Italy, fam'd for Bolognia Sausages.

XIX.

As *Jove* put on * *Amphitryo's* Form,
 To court *Alcmena*, like a Lover;
 So *Mar*, did with the *Monarch's* Charms,
 Address his Mistress for the Favour:
 At first, she blusht, and seem'd surpriz'd,
 But vigorous, as he did accost her,
 Impatient of delay, well pleas'd,
 She hugg'd the Proxy for his Master.

XX.

Enliven'd by the Dame, like † *Æson*,
 New Blood reviv'd a budding Spring,
 Throughout his *Juvenile Veins*, t'increase on
 His Love and Passion for his King:
 He acted so his Part, like || *Sofia*,
 That as she clasp'd him in her Arms,

* *The Husband of Alcmena, whom the Poets feign, Jupiter debauched in the Shape of her Husband; From whence the Allusion is plain to Marr.*

† *Was feign'd by the Poets, in Old Age, to be restor'd to Youth again, by the Sorcery of Medea.*

|| *A Fiction that Jupiter did Cuckold Sofia in his own Shape.*

He gave her * *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*;
In retribution for her Charms.

XXI.

For † such a *Conquest*, sure, thy *Worth*
(*Oh Mar!*) is greater than thy *Fame*;
Than all thy *Lawrels* won at *Perth*,
Or *Trophies* run off at *Dumblain*.
Thou, who hadst *Power* to contract;
To joyn the *Dame* with *Wedding-Ring*,
How can we doubt, but thou didst act
Th'exalted *Transports* of thy *King*?

XXII.

As yet, the *Curtain* must be drawn;
To hide the *Scene* from *Argo's Eyes*,
Left he should blab to *Gossip Fame*,
Who carries *Truths*, as well as *Lies*.

* *Metaphors for Venereal Pleasures.*

† *This is all Ironical to Dumblain.*

|| *Actual Consummation of the supposed Marriage.*

** *A Fiction of the Poets, that he had a Hundred Eyes, introduc'd as an Emblem of a Jealous Husband.*

Time will display thy Honour, *Mar*,
 Above * old *Mortimer* in Story,
 In Love Affairs, no less than War,
 For Rome's chief Hope, † *Britannia's* Glory:

XXIII.

Oh T - d ! whose sad Muse did raise,
 From Grief, thy pompous ‖ *Mausoleum*,
 Reviving, with surprizing Joys !
 Shou'dst thou not, loudly, sing ** *Te Deum* ?
 To *Venus* bright, erect a *Fane*,
 High, as *St. Peter's*, or *St. Paul's* ;
 And let the *Virger*, for the *Dean*,
 Light *Tapers* round the sacred *Stalls*.

XXIV.

There consecrate exalted Altars,
 Inflam'd with Oyl, and *Tuscan Wine*,

* Familiar with *Queen Isabella*.

† Ironically meant as to *Britannia*.

‖ A late Poem so call'd.

** Divine Hymns meant in the Popish way:

If now thy Muse, * in *Lyrick* falters,
 Will not Folks say, *Thou'rt dead to Rhime*?
 That, like poor † *Niobe*, thou art turn'd
 To a fix'd Monument, of Stone,
 By having for *Astræa* mourn'd
 Too long, who dy'd for you too soon.

XXV.

But wert thou dead, methinks, new Life
 Shou'd animate thy Parts again,
 With *Nuptial Joys*, to turn thy Grief
 To sweet, harmonious *Lyrick* Strain;
 Convince the World, Oh mighty *Bard*!
 By writing Lines, to shine like Gold,
 That yet thy Muse is not interr'd,
 Tho' thy || *Astræa's* dead, and cold.

* *A sort of Poetry, or Verse, compos'd and sung with the Harp.*

† *A Fiction of the Poets, alluding to one that for Pride was punish'd with such Misfortunes, causing so much Grief, that she was petrify'd into a Stone.*

|| *The Subject of that Poem.*

XXVI.

Were * *Dryden*, still, amongst the Living,
 Who sung your *Bride-Groom's* Genial Day,
 His tow'ring *Muse* wou'd now be striving
 To celebrate his Nuptial Joy ;
 No doubt, the *Laureat*, by his bidding,
 Wou'd bring down † *Jove*, and all the Gods,
 And Goddesses, to grace the *Wedding*,
 Descending, awful, thro' the Clouds.

XXVII.

He'd fetch in ‖ *Ceres*, and her *Nymphs*,
 With ** *Roses* deckt, and ** *Jessamine*,
 And †† *Ganymede*, *Jove's* highest Pimp,
 Dreft like a *Beau*, and wond'rous Fine :

* *King James the Second's* Laureat-Poet, who wrote
 a fulsome, flattering Poem, on the suppos'd Birth-Day
 of the Chevalier.

† *An Emblem of Affluence and Plenty.*

‖ *Metaphors for the Gaiety of the Wedding.*

** *Jupiter's Cup-bearer, and suppos'd by Dryden, if
 living, wou'd be made one of the Bride-leaders to the
 Lady.*

Hymen, * in bright Machines, he'd bring,
 To solemnize the Marriage-Rites,
 And Cupids flutt'ring on the Wing,
 The Graces smiling in their Flights:

XXVIII.

Tom Brown lamented by the Town,
 Apollo's Fav'rite Son, and Glory,
 Alas! poor Tom is dead, and gone,
 His Fame immortal still in Story;
 Had he surviv'd but to this Time,
 He had not hung his † Harp on Willows,

* The God of Marriage, whom Dryden may be sup-
 pos'd to bring into an Opera, for solemnizing the Wed-
 ding.

† A Metaphor for Lyrick Verse.

But

But wou'd have been most Crank in Rhyne,
For merry * Carols, and † Trangdilloes.

XXIX.

Then shou'd you have him introduce
Pan, || and his ** Satyrs all about him,
Bacchus †† with Bumpers, to carouse,
Cybele, || with her Damsels, routing;
Neptune *** and his whole Band of Tritons,
Thetis, ††† the |||| Nereids, in * Grand Chorus,
In Honour of us native Britons,
Who beat, and drive the World before us.

* Rejoycing Songs.

†† Doggril, comick Songs; and refers to Tom Brown's Satyr, wrote in Newgate; where he was committed for Lampooning the late French King.

|| Pan is put here as an Emblem of a Piper.

** Scaramouches.

†† Alluding to drunken Tories, on this Occasion.

|||| Another Name for Ceres before-mention'd.

*** The Pretender's chief Admiral.

††† The Admiral's Lady.

||||| The Sea Captain's, and Sailor's Wives.

* A confus'd Rout.

XXX. For

XXX.

For Mirth, and comical Surprize,
 He'd summon * *Juno* in, with *Hymen*,
 Make *Argus* stare, with's hundred Eyes,
 For stirring up some jealous *Damon* ;
 But what wou'd *Tom*, pray care for that ?
 He'd do it to promote the *Gambols*,
 And laugh, t'extinguish with his Hat,
 Bright † *Vesta's* Torches, and Wax Candles;

XXXI.

Con'd Gr——l softly touch his *Lyre*,
 Revive his || *Almabide* again.

* *An Emblem for Jealousy in the Women, of their Husbands, at the Gambols of the Wedding.*

† *Illuminations at the Wedding, which being extinguish'd, the Company is suppos'd to fall to nocturnal Routings, and Gambols in the Dark.*

|| *A modern Seraphick Song, compos'd in Admiration of a celebrated English Lady.*

Her

Her Charms might soon the *Bard* inspire,
 T' adorn th' imaginary * *Queen*;
 As then the Bloom of *Almabide*,
 Is faded so, he can't restore
 Her Beauty to the blooming Bride,
 For *Almabide* She is no more.

XXXII.

Since his *Muse* fails, you seek in vain,
 From † *S*—l *Aid*, or ‖ *D*—l *F*—e;
 Poor *Scribblers*, they must write in *Pain*,
 For *Flour's*, where only *Thistles* grow:

* *The Princess* *Sobieskie*.

† *A certain Poet, who had the Vanity to think he was suppos'd to write a late Poem, call'd The Convocation, which every Body knows, he had not the Capacity to Write; and yet had the Confidence to disown it in an Advertisement.*

‖ *The Author of, The Dyet of Poland.*

Yet if One calls the Convocation,
 And T'other summon in the * *Dyet*,
 Might you not then conclude the Nation
 Involv'd in one † tumultuous Riot ?

XXXIII.

Yet *Dan*— might, sure, inscribe one *Hymn*;
 And chirp his || *Robin-red-Breast* Muse;
 If whilst *Augustus* lives to Reign,
 Alas, the unlucky Bird refuse,
 Old *Mahomet* he must then move
 To spare his *Pigson*, she'll inspire
 The *Bard* with cooing Tales of Love,
 If she but whispers in his Ear.

* *The Author of the Dyet of Poland.*

† *The united Faction of the Jacobite Clergy and Laity.*

|| *What means this, the L—d of O——d knows.*

XXXIV.

Suppose you're all at last mistaken;
 To think * *Emelia* some † *Madona*,
 And she shou'd prove a || northern *Mawkin*,
 Staring like ** *Gorgon*, or ** *Bellona*;
 Can't †† *Pet-*: summon all the *Graces*,
 To give her diff'rent *Airs of Beauty*,
 Enamel'd for your *Lord's* ||| *Embraces*,
 Pray mind this Matter, 'tis your *Duty*.

XXXV.

Yet greater Things thou might'st do, *** *Pet-*,
 If thou wou'dst more consult old *Gallen*,

* *The Princess Sobieski.*

† *A Word signifying a celebrated Italian Beauty.*

|| *A Gothick Dowdy.*

** *Emblems of Deformity and Uglinefs.*

†† *The Author of King James the Second's Elegy.*

||| *Refers to the Chevalier.*

*** *This Poet was design'd a Physician, and first studied Physick, at Oxford, till Poetry and Drinking turn'd his Brain another Way.*

From the prolific Force of * *Lettyce*;
 To fructify the † blooming *Helen*.
 Could'st thou but raise her to Mount ‖ *Ida*;
 We then might hope thou'dst fetch at once
 From her, as other ** *Bards* from †† *Leda*,
 Have midwif'd out a Brace of Sons.

XXXVI.

Advanc'd above all mortal Ladies,
 Might O!-----th make his *Queen* to shine—oh,
 And place his new-transfigur'd *Goddess*,
 To take the Upper hand of *Juno*.
 What can't a *Poet*, if Transported,
 Do, if he's minded to be *Airy*;
 T'ave *Odes* and *Epodes* so inverted,
 For gracing *Carmen Seculare*.

* *An Herb that is suppos'd helping to Conception in Women.*

† *The Princess Sobieski.*

‖ *A Mountain in Phrygia, dedicated to Cybele before spoken of.*

** *The antient Poets.*

†† *Feign'd by the Poets, from her two Eggs, to have hatcht Castor and Pollux.*

XXXVII.

For this, as we may well suppose—Sir,
 Thou need'st not borrow from the Plan,
 One of thy Brother's vampt on Chaucer's
 Old Model, for his House of Fame;
 From having so transform'd thy Queen,
 Thou hast a Temple of thy own,
 Where with thy Goddess thou may'st shine
 On * *Tripus* fixt, with † *Gnosia's* Crown.

XXXVIII.

But then wou'd || *Den—s* draw her smooth,
 If he shou'd Critically view
 The *Damsel*, with a *Dragon's* ** Mouth,
 Distended to'ards St. George askew.
 Perhaps, the' low'ring, looking down,
 Shou'd he survey her girt with Arms,

* *A golden Vessel, belonging to the Delphick Oracle, supported with three Feet.*

† *A Constellation in the Sky, representing a Crown.*

|| *A most conceited Critick, and Censurer of all other Author's Works, but particular in Admiring his Own, which have been damn'd upon the Stage, and exploded in the Town.*

** *Alludes to the Story of St. George and the Dragon, in ridicule of the Chevalier and the Lady.*

He may prefer the * *Amazon*
To *Venus* deckt in all her Charms.

XXXIX.

Tom † *D---y* was a merry Fellow,
A *Songster*, and besides a *Crouder*,
Inspir'd directly by *Apello*,
To write the Song of || *Owen Tudor*.
For this he will be ever Fam'd,
As *Owen* was, in *Brittish* Story,
Tho' now as *D---y* never sham'd,
Poor *Tom* must own, he's Old, and Hoary.

XL.

Yet still if call'd on for a * *Hoyden*,
For † *Scaramouch*, or airey *Prank*—o,

* This refers to the Poets admiring her for being a
Virago, tho' ugly and frightful.

† Fam'd in youthful Days, for singing his own
queer comical Songs, and amongst others, that of *Owen*
Tudor, in a Play call'd, *The Richmond Heiress*.

| A fam'd *Brittish Warriour*.

† Any queer *Country Girl*.

|| A comical *Dance*.

Tom

Tom never wants his * *Jill of Croyden*,
 Nor † *As* to mount his *Sancho Pancho*,
 Give him a *Cup of Sack*, his || *Parrot*
 Shall prattle, and his ** *Jacob* sing
 Such Strains as never other *Laureat*
 Did chirp before to any King.

XLI.

Will you then have him at *Urbino*,
 In comick Humour, and Grimace,
 For shame, give Tom some *Ready Rhime*,
 He'll then come mounted on his *As*.
 He'l for you steal the †† *Richmond Hairefs*,
 So clever, from the ||| *Boarding School*,

* *An old merry Song of the same Author.*

† *This alludes to the Humour of Sancho Pancho, Don Quixot's Squire, coming upon the Stage, riding an As, in D---y's Play.*

|| *Alludes to his Opera of Birds, which he made to speak and sing upon the Stage.*

** *Alludes to taking the Nun out of her Confinement at Inspruck.*

†† *An Emblem of the Cloyster where the Nun is shut up.*

In-

Invisibly, as done by *Fairies*;
For shewing, *Tom* he is no Fool.

XLII.

Will none of all the tender Sex,
Renew * *Dorinda's* moving Lays?
Won't † *Mas—m*, ‖ *Sing—r*, ** *Lowry Pyx*,
Nor †† *Ast—l*, fam'd for bright *Essays*.
What, can't she make her *Negro Cat*,
By Help of *Succubus Familiar*,

* *The Name attributed to Mrs. Philipps, much admir'd by Mr. Cowley.*

† *A fam'd Lady in the late Times.*

‖ *A modern female Poet, noted for the Pastoral of Amaryllis and Sylvia.*

** *A modern Drammatick female Poet.*

†† *A Platonick Female-Philosopher, yet a great Cy-nick, student in Astrology, and by some reputed for an old Hag, and goes upon a Stick like one of the Witches in Mackbeth.*

To raise the Nun's *Mons Veneris* pat,
For * *Labady*, or † *Mother-Celicy*.

XLIII.

But now I mind it, where is || *Gay*?
Why does he not invoke his ** *Flora*?
Won't †† *Phœbus* lend him one ||| *kind Ray*,
To grace the *** *Blushes* of *Aurora*?
Soon as the Nuptial Curtain's drawn,
To shew the Glory of the Bride,
In all her Virgin Blushes Dawn,
With *Lilly White*, and *Rosy Red*.

* A famous Italian Midwife, who is said to have banded the Pretender into the World, out of the Genial-Bed.

† Another famous Midwife, fam'd in King Charles the Second's Reign, for hatching of Plots.

†† A young flashy Poet.

** A notorious Strumpet, apply'd to his loose Muse.

†† Another Name for Apollo.

||| A Metaphor for a poetical Genius.

*** Apply'd to the suppos'd Blushes of the fictitious Bride, disclos'd to the Chevalier, next Morning after the Consummation.

XLIV.

Can't he Ten Thousand * *Cupids* bring,
 With † *Bows*, and † *Darts*, to arm *Adonis*,
 Embellish his ‖ *Heroick King*,
 With all th' ** *Artillery of Venus* ?
 Will neither †† *P—pe*, nor †† *Matey Pr—r*,
 In *Lyrick*, or *Heroick Verse*,
 Bestow one *** *Flash* of blazing *Fire*,
 For light'ning ††† *Pallas* round, or ‖‖‖ *Mars* ?

* *Metaphor for Charms.*

† *Glances of Love.*

‖ *Ironical Term for the Chevalier.*

** *The Force of Beauty, by way of Ridicule.*

†† *The Author of, The Rape of the Lock, Temple of Fame, Translator of Homer's Iliads.*

‖‖ *A celebrated Lyrick Poet.*

*** *A bright Fancy in Poetry.*

††† *Princess Sobieski.*

‖‖‖ *The Chevalier, in Ridicule.*

XLV. This by a thing brought

Don't * you, *Urbino* see in Dreams,
And fancy you are there already,
How quick the Monarch's youthful Beams,
With Glory, dart the blooming Lady ?
By strong implicit Faith, no doubt,
You may perceive the crimson *Flamen*,
Most solemn tie the *Gordian Knot*,
Attended by the † *Rites of Hymen*.

XLVI.

You || ~~stand too long~~, a little sooner,
You might have view'd the ** *Altar* unstock'd,
And †† Lady of *Loretto* honour
The Virgin with the Wedding Smock ;

* This whole Stanza refers to the *Tory's* deluding
with strong Delusions of such Chimerical Solemnity.

† Metaphorically for the Ceremonies and Gambols of
the Wedding.

|| Supposes them wrapt up in a long Dream.

** Disrobe, or undress.

†† The Virgin Mary, whom the Papists superstitiously
Worship, vnd ridiculously say, That her Chappel at Lo-
retto in Italy, was convey'd thither, and fixt by Angels.

This by a shining Angel brought,
 In Band-Box of pellucid Amber,
 Display'd, how fine the *Lawn* was wrought
 In Peter's * Apostolick Chamber.

XLVII

Oh Papa ! so sublime a Theme,
 Methinks, shoud serve to brighten *Homer*,
 And make (dear *Matt*) thy genial Rhyme
 To overflow, from native *Rummer* ;
 Unless it be, you can't recover
 The adverse Fate of curst *Dunblain* ;
 And † *Bacon's* *Brasen-Head* gives over || noY
 To Prophecy for you again.

*. The Pope's Conclave.

† Metaphorically for the Oxford Bards.



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